John Bull, October 19th, 1918

Everybody is talking about the "J.B." Pen. See Coupon, Page 10.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 646. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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The National News

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXIV. No. 646. Week ending Saturday, October 19th, 1918. Twopence.

Comb the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Belated Praise.

At last the Prime Minister has recognised that at least *some* thanks are due to Sir Douglas Haig, and his recent message is an improvement upon that sneer at the "few yards' gains in the impenetrable barrier of the West"—despite its unhappy opening.

Government Changes.

Look out for a *few—before* the Election. One of them will be especially interesting.

The Right Men.

We are again being urged to prepare a list of the right men to vote for at the coming election. We will certainly promise to indicate the "wrong 'uns."

Priests and Recruiting.

We are sorry to see that the Irish priests are still doing their utmost to prejudice recruiting—and, by the way, if the *Leinster* crime doesn't bring Irishmen to the Colours, nothing will.

More Muddling.

What congenital idiot was responsible for the blundering which brought 2,000 workers out on strike at that Northern aeroplane factory—all on a point of official etiquette?

These Enemy Princes.

May we once more inquire, now that Parliament has reassembled, what the Privy Council is doing in this matter? Sorry to be such a nuisance.

Great Days!

Did you notice the first business mentioned in the Government Whip for the meeting of Parliament? It was the Midwives' Bill! Then came the Tithe Bill—whilst the following two days are to be devoted to the Scotch Education Bill. Wonder whether the Government has heard of the war?

Kitchener's Death.

Our good friend and confrère Mr. Arnold White is very desirous of making it clear that he is now fully satisfied that the alleged cypher cable intimating the course of the *Hampshire* was, as we have always said, a pure myth. But we *should* like to see the Report of that Official Inquiry, all the same.

Liverpool's Lead.

Congrats. to Sir Archibald Salvidge, who, by means of a Tombola scheme, raised over £60,000 by the sale of half-crown tickets for the City's Prisoners of War Fund. If only the Chancellor of the Exchequer would ignore the goody-goodies who tell him that the road to Hell is strewn with Premium Bonds!

Exit Leverton Harris—

So this Profiteering Patriot has decided not to seek re-election. Nothing left for it but to make him a Peer, we suppose. How about Lord Lovus of Lofthouse?

And Meantime!

Would you believe it—that this man is actually at the head of the most secret department of the Postal Censorship? Is that, too, one of the things that Mr. Bonar Law "would do himself"?

If You See It ——!

We recently suggested, apropos of the laxity prevailing in various Prisoners' Camps, that a Ministry of Prisoners of War should be set up. And lo! it was so.

A Word with the Police.

When will the police learn that until a prisoner is found guilty it is not permissible to give evidence of previous convictions? We note a scandalous abuse of this rule in a recent case at Marlborough Street.

Where was the Cattle Truck?

An East Grinstead lady tells us that at Warlingham Station the other day she and four other women and a young cadet were ordered to get out of the carriage, in the pouring rain, to make room for German prisoners returning from work. Damnable!

We Stand Corrected.

In a recent article we disputed the accuracy of the popular quotation "Money is the root of all evil." It is pointed out to us by several Biblical experts that what the Wise Man said was "the *love* of money"—which, of course, makes a difference—although the dictum is still too sweeping.

More Wonderful Still.

Apropos of the Bishop of Chelmsford's claim that since the recent Intercession Service at which the King, Lords and Commons were present, we have had an unbroken series of victories, a cynic reports that another strange parallel is that this procession of triumphs started the moment the little doll mascots became so popular in France. More than ever, we wonder!

The Lord Chief's Birthplace.

Much curiosity has been aroused by the question in the *London Mail* as to the birthplaces of Lord Reading and his brother, Mr. Godfrey Isaacs—there being no record at the Registry. It *is* remarkable, but the fact is they were both born in London—the births being registered, in accordance with the Jewish custom then, at their parents' Synagogue.

Watch the Navy!

Yes, we know we have said it before—and we say it again.

The "Samsons."

How do you like that as a nickname for the American troops? Think the word out.

A Small "g."

A good suggestion. Let every child at school be taught to spell germany thus—and be told the reason why.

Wounded germans.

Why are so many of these in London? Couldn't they be left at the base, where the Huns bomb the hospitals?

The Old Story.

So Mesopotamia Meyer has been "decorated"—having first been "whitewashed," as one of our "Bullet" winners recently put it.

Boy Soldiers.

We now have the assurance that boys under 19 years of age are to be withdrawn from the firing line to the base. They ought never to have been sent.

The Loss of the *Leinster*.

We have to put to the Government a very plain question—to which we ask a plain answer. Never mind whether the ill-fated boat was a mere passenger vessel or not—*Why was there no convoy?*

Sinn Fein M.P.s.

Of course one of the provisions of that Act of ours would be that payment of salary would commence only when the Member had taken his seat, but that it would be "docked" in the event of non-attendance afterwards.

An Infamous Pamphlet.

Is the Government taking any steps to stop the circulation in this country of the disgraceful anarchist pamphlet signed by Lenin and Trotsky? We hear of them in munition factories and even in the Fleet—one being found on board H.M.S. *Dreadnought*.

Chorus Girls' Grievances.

We are not a theatrical paper, but we cannot decline to voice the complaint which reaches us in the form of a petition protesting against non-payment for rehearsals, and other grievances. Will not some of the big managers set an example in more generous treatment?

To the Albert Hall!

Saturday, November 2nd, is the date. See our leading article.

An English Mother.

Mrs. Pinyoun, of Hove, is a proud woman. Husband and six sons went to the war. One boy is in the Navy; one has laid down his young life. The father is 66, having given his "military age" as 39 when enlisting in 1914. He has been in Egypt and Salonika, and is now in Mesopotamia. At home, the old lady struggles along bravely on scanty means, longing for her man and boys to return—one of the mothers of England whom the nation holds in deep and warm regard.

Salvationist Shirkers.

Another assertion reaches us that "thousands of fit young men, married and single, called officers of the Salvation Army," are dodging the real salvation Army—disguised in the Booth uniform as ministers of religion. They are "totally exempted and shielded from doing any part of military duty." Assuming these facts, the matter is in the hands of the Tribunals and the Recruiting authorities. Large numbers of the alleged "ministers" are engaged in Salvationist trading concerns.

Dis-"gus"-ting.

"Gus" Harris may be quite amusing on the stage, but that doesn't entitle him to be a brute off it. His assault on the woman process-server who came to the stage door of a Manchester theatre to serve divorce papers on him was dastardly. But the really extraordinary thing is that the Magistrates, who "considered Harris deserved imprisonment," let him off with a fine of £10 and 7 guineas costs. To what lengths of assault and battery on a woman must Mr. Harris go before the Magistrates would give him what he deserved?

Justice for the Widows.

"If only we could get work to help our pensions a little we would be a good deal happier, and we would then be able to get our children some warm clothing. . . It's very hard to see so many young girls sailing into the shipyards and only working for dress." Thus, on behalf of herself and her sisters in misfortune, writes a soldier's widow with two children. "They say that preference is given to soldiers' and sailors' widows." But she and many more like her have tramped unavailingly from place to place.

A Blind Boilermaker.

Mr. John Hill, Secretary of the Boilermakers' Society, is at it again. He has drafted a resolution containing his orders to the Government, based upon this sweetly silly crammer:—"We also welcome the new German Government's acceptance of President Wilson's 14 points and his later conditions as the basis of negotiations." Everybody, except Mr. John Hill, knows that the "new German Government" (which is the same old one) "accepted" nothing of the kind. It only talked about wanting to talk about them.

Duty Well Done.

A boat of the Union-Castle Line, from Plymouth to Capetown and back, was full of sickness and short-handed on the return voyage—only one deck-hand and the boatswain failing to report sick. The man had to toil day and night, on jobs outside his own duties. There were hundreds of troops aboard, including coloured ones; he ministered to them; they called him Padre, and he had the sad task of burying 37 of the poor fellows. For his extra work he was promised extra pay and got it—a mingy £3, from the owners!

Some Reader.

We have a very interesting letter from a very gallant officer—a Parliamentary candidate, and a thick-and-thin supporter of our Business Government. Among other things he tells us is this: "Few people could say they have read JOHN BULL in as many varied places as I have, for from the depths of a Malayan jungle, where man has seldom penetrated, to a 'pill-box,' where I am at present within 25 yards of the Hun, covers a wide field." It does, indeed.

A "Conchy's" Conversion.

Our suggestion that "Conchies" should become stretcher-bearers brings this real experience of one who did. He "could not kill," and a soldier suggested, as he seemed a decent fellow, that he should be a stretcher-bearer. He joined the Ambulance Class, and in due course both he and the soldier saw some of the Huns' dirty work. Afterwards the "Conchy" "was waiting for his wound to heal, so that he could go back to kill Germans, convinced that he would still be acting according to the will of God." He had found his real conscience.

The March of Extravagance.

Mothers of families resent being told by official nincompoops how to cook potatoes and cabbages. When the information is brought to them by their own children, their anger increases. At a Blackheath school hundreds of youngsters were handed parcels of pamphlets compiled by the Ministry of Food, each parcel containing 16 pages, foolscap size or larger, of recipes for cooking vegetables. Most of the recipes are impossible and absurd suggestions for poor people; anything of real value in them could be printed in one leaflet. The waste is apparent, the foolishness colossal.

Queer Proceedings.

We may be wrong, but our strong impression is that the Delegate Board of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society are not playing the game. For one thing, they appear to have voted themselves a "war bonus" of 4s. per meeting in addition to their ordinary fees—which strikes us as about the limit in cool cheek. At the same time, they have increased the quarterly contributions of the members and imposed a heavy additional tax upon those serving with the Army or Navy. And what has become of the huge reserve fund, which was to have been distributed amongst the members when the National Insurance Act came into force?

The "Last Post."

What reparation Gloucester could make it has made. Private Frederick Aldridge had fought his good fight and come home again. Friendless, homeless and hungry, his refuge was the pauper's asylum, and his end—in every sense—a pauper's grave. When the facts came out, many a citizen's heart was moved to all the shame of it. In the result, they assembled the other day, led by the Mayor, to witness the unveiling of a memorial in the form of a stone cross over his grave—"In Honoured Memory of a Gallant British Soldier." So ends the story of what His Worship at the graveside called "an unfortunate occurrence," and Mr. E. J. C. Palmer more appropriately stigmatised as a "terrible blunder." We shall not argue now with the Mayor about the facts, as he almost challenges us to do. As soon as may be, let them be forgotten.

On Night Duty.

Following our protest against the Order to night nurses at the Fulham Military Hospital that they must sit in the wards with Hun prisoners, we would emphasise the fact that they are obliged to do so with the doors of the wards closed and locked. One result is that the atmosphere becomes positively dreadful for want of a through draught and owing to the nature of the Huns' injuries. For this, and other reasons, the Order is an intolerable one.

Sad, Idle Miners.

In more than one district Welsh miners are forced to stand idle two or three days every week, sometimes for half the week, and this has been so since war commenced. It is not the men's fault; they are burdened with debt through want of work. In the Dulais Valley, 1,500 men suffer from this short time; Neath is nearly out of coal while the men are craving to hew it. The condition of the country demands that immediate investigation be made.

The Postman's Pension.

It's good to be a postman—you get a pension when you retire from business. One man we know gets 15s. a week, after thirty-six years' service. Another comes off better still. He gets 15s. 6d. a week, and only thirty-one years' service to his credit. Yet the ungrateful beggars grumble! One actually writes in this peevish strain: "I served forty-five years, and am now eighty-two years of age, and my pension is so small I really do not know how to live." We strongly suspect this man was "improvident" in his youth!

A Hun Circus.

It was asking for trouble to let a German (Herr Pagel) set up his Circus in Potchefstroom Camp, South Africa. No wonder there was a riot, though we may thank heaven the tent did not come down on top of the men, women, children and wild beasts. The riot was regrettable; it might have been a tragedy. But if there had been a tragedy, who would have been to blame? There are many Germans running all sorts of "circuses" in English camps and public offices who might be dealt with in the same drastic manner.

Scutt's Guard.

Charles E. Scutt is Resident Manager of the Hastings Gaiety Theatre. He is carrying-on single-handed, as it were, because the General Manager, Mr. H. W. Rowland, goes down there only about once a month. And so Charley gets exemption, but must be a Special Constable. Rowland asked if Charles could do duty at the theatre all the time; and a sagacious Councillor agreed that "it would be rather useful to have a man who had been sworn-in always at the theatre." If Scutt is a grateful fellow, he will give that Councillor a free pass.

In and Out of Khaki.

Directly a man gets out of khaki the Y.M.C.A. and other hostels are no longer his. He may be on munitions, breaking a journey, or stranded, but their accommodation is barred. It comes hard on men whose homes are distant. Khaki first should be the rule, but empty beds should be at the disposal of discharged men whose papers prove their *bona fides*. There are also men not in uniform, but recognised as units in the Department of Defence. If attended to at a Military Hostel they are charged double. It is as unkind as the other points indicated.

Still on the Loose.

A Corporal of the Machine Gun Corps is anxious to tell us that when recently on leave at home at Loughborough, in Leicestershire, he saw two farm-working Germhun prisoners at about 5 p.m., "leisurely making their way, unattended by any escort, to the workhouse, where they sleep." Quite so. This is a land of pure delight, where happy Huns do dwell.

Her Rightful Whack.

It's preposterous not to give a civilian outfit to a "Waac" when she is discharged, just as they do to a soldier—though, of course, there will be a difference in the cut. We know of one case of a girl, just discharged on "compassionate grounds," who must give up her khaki emblems, and has nothing else to put on. "Compassionate grounds" is good! Not every girl can get taken on in a blouse.

A Widow Barred.

The widow of a soldier killed in France wanted to take a little house in Luton for herself and two children. She went to a person she describes as "one of the most reputed house-agents in Luton," who, hearing her story, exclaimed: "I shouldn't let my property to a soldier's widow." The creature would not look at her rent-book, the proof of her reliability. No; she, being a soldier's widow, must go homeless so far as he is concerned. What a crime that dear, dead man committed when he died for country, for Luton, and for the being who mocked his widow!

Foreign Goods Again.

How is it, we are asked, that British doctors continue to patronise and maintain in practice Swiss masseurs and masseuses when so many capable British manipulators are available? The Swedes are flourishing in Harrogate, we are told, "though they are really pro-Germhun." Undoubtedly many doctors *do* prefer to employ foreign masseurs.

The Government Comb.

The comb that went through Government Offices had great gaps in it. Two brothers in the Office of Works, originally Grade I., were released for the Army on October 1st. But they each secured re-examination, each became Grade 3, and both are still in the Office of Works. In the Public Trustee's Office were two barristers—one with nine years' service, the other a newcomer since war. The first, being classed B, is taken; the other, an A man, remains. The puzzle is, How is it done?

Landlord and Lady.

A block of flats in Upper Baker Street belongs to the Metropolitan Railway Company. One of the flats was let five years ago—to a lady who has been doing war-work—at £82 a year for four years. She has now been informed by the Company that after March her rent will be £155 a year. Another flat adjoining was let five years ago at £100 a year; the tenant must now pay £180 a year—or go. What some of these railway companies and landlords would have done without the war, is shocking to contemplate.

This after That.

We had but to mention it and the thing was done. Hard upon our "Candid" to Sir George Cave, the Home Secretary, suggesting more generous treatment of Metropolitan Special Constables, we have the official announcement that allowances are to be made for "out-of-pockets," loss of time, use of own bicycle, and sustenance on emergency duty of over five hours. This is so good that it will satisfy the majority of Specials.

Working Up a Case.

Funny ideas some bobbies have got! It was wrong, of course, for Rasell to purloin nails belonging to the Railway Company which employed him, and use the proceeds either to go on the razzle or feed his wife and seven children—we don't know which. But when the Company refused to prosecute, and instead let Rasell go in the Army, it seems queer that the police should await him at the door of the military hospital and take him up on the antiquated charge. Luckily, the Bench decided that, as he was in the Army, payment of costs (£1) and binding over for six months would do. But why *will* the busy bobbies of Hayward's Heath try to "get up cases"? Possibly because promotion depends on it.

1,000 Turkeys for "Bullets" Competitors.

We are allocating £1,500 for the purchase of 1,000 turkeys as prizes. So generous an offer has never before been made by any paper. To make sure of a turkey this Christmas, send in your "Bullets" coupon without delay.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Archdeacon of London, Chapter House, St. Paul's.

DEAR "VENERABLE,"—In a recent sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral you tried to impress your congregation with the crimson guilt of the Kaiser—a subject on which we are all agreed. But in framing your indictment you made a statement which can only be described as gross exaggeration, when you said that if all those who had died in the war could march past a given point four abreast the procession would last ten years. Did you make any attempt to find out what that would mean, and that in military calculation the total would be something like 540 millions? You may be proud of that book of yours, "In Praise of Legend," but you might at least stick to facts in the pulpit. Do be more careful! JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. F. W. Gilpert, Ltd., Milk Purveyors, Nottingham.

SIRS,—You only can know the Excess Profits you have made by fleecing your customers—therefore, I cannot say for certain whether or not the fines of £160 inflicted on you will leave you in pocket. In a properly-organised country, a man who scandalously profiteered in time of war a staple food such as milk, as you have done, would be sent to gaol without the option. That, in fact, is the appropriate place of his sojourning. Be thankful, sirs, that the country is not properly organised. JOHN BULL.

To A. W. Hayues, Esq., Mayor of Swindon.

WORSHIPFUL SIR,—Glad to do a turn for the boys, you headed a flag-day in Swindon and gathered in £70 for cigarettes and other nice things. It would have been £100 if the police had not swooped down and crushed Meg's diversion because somebody had failed to secure a Permit for a street collection. The silly slops actually prosecuted you, and the sentence was £1, or 14 days. Whereupon you said, "I will do the 14 days; I am serious." Well, Mr. Mayor, I hope you will not go to chokey, though it would be a nasty jar to the police if you did. Stay out, and help the boys. JOHN BULL.

To Sir William Gentle, Chief Constable of Brighton.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I know you are a decent man. Can you do away with this scandal? Poor people suddenly taken ill have to pay for the use of the Brighton police ambulance *before* they are allowed to be put in it to be taken to a hospital or an infirmary. Eighteen shillings was recently squeezed in this way out of a poor soldier's widow whose child was suffering from peritonitis. While the child was waiting for the ambulance, between life and death, the weeping mother rushed round from friend to friend to get the money. Isn't it horrible? I am sure you will alter all that. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. John Hodge, M.P., Minister of Pensions.

DEAR JOHN,—You had better trot down to Chelsea and see what's wrong there. It is a bit thick that ordinary girl clerks should in many cases be now getting more than section-leaders, correspondents, and other higher women-clerks—who do not receive the annual increment of 2s. It is still thicker that when a petition asking for this anomaly to be righted is prepared, the lady who prepared it is asked to resign. By these means all but one of the other signatories were reduced to tearful submission and pleas for pardon. Do you think that's the way to govern a "democratic department"? JOHN BULL.

To Sir Guy Calthrop, Ministry of Black Diamonds.

DEAR COAL CONTROLLER,—You are constantly frightening the public into winter shivers on account of an alleged shortage of coal. How is it, then, that at Belton, near Yarmouth—with about 1,000 inhabitants—a dozen nurserymen have, during the last few weeks, accumulated stacks of coal—hundreds of tons between them—for the purpose of stoking fires for growing the costly chrysanthemum and the tasty tomato—this last at from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a pound? *On dit* that "these products are all of them sent away to Newcastle for sale, thus taking transport." What thrilling times we do live in, to be sure! JOHN BULL.

To the Sub-Committee on Old Age Pensions, Hammersmith.

DEAR COM.—I learn that you have stopped the O.A.P. of a man nearly 80 years of age, on the ground that he has recently been granted a pension of £40 by the Board of Education. I suppose you know your action is wrongful, improper, and contrary to Regulations. Government has decided that any pensioner with less than 30s. a week is not to be taken off the books. The man you have deprived of his due is very old, very ill, a good citizen and ratepayer all his life, and the sooner you reconsider your decision the better. JOHN BULL.

To H. Barlow, Esq., J.P., President of the Kettering Urban Tribunal.

DEAR SIR,—Did the poor "Conchy," George Sharp, complain that farm work was "brutal and callous," and that his dear, soft hands got perforated with thistles (which, strangely enough, he refrained from eating), and that his poor weak body got so saturated that he had an attack of lumbago? Didums, indeed! And did you, and the rest of you, argue solemnly with the silly fool, and afterwards let him off with the order *to take sufficient additional garden land to keep him employed three days in the week*? What a funny man you are! JOHN BULL.

To the Provost-Marshal, Liverpool.

DEAR "PROVO,"—I can hardly believe the report that reaches me of your inexplicable conduct following on the disgraceful riot at the Belmont Military Hospital. On that occasion when some coloured men ran amok, wounded and crippled Tommies did their best to protect the nurses. Yet when it was all over you thought it fitting to call those gallant fellows into the Concert Hall and lecture them for smashing things and causing bloodshed in front of the nurses. These boys acted like true English gentlemen, yet you have the temerity to say they should be ashamed of themselves. If there be any shame, it rests with you.

JOHN BULL.

MANUFACTURING MADMEN.

THE SCANDAL OF THE SHELL-SHOCKED—AN ILL-REQUITED DEBT.

OUR remarks on the treatment of shell-shock soldiers have provoked a terrible outcry from a vast number of the sufferers themselves, and their relatives. Relatives write that it is a lie to say that the cases are carefully graded; that it is a lie to say that military patients sent to asylums are kept apart from civilian lunatics—even of the most dangerous kind—but that the treatment of the soldiers and the civilians differs only in trivial details. We have before us the cases of two soldiers who appear to be quite sane, and yet are in asylums. We have spoken to an apparently sane man who has escaped from a mental hospital, and refuses to go back because he would be punished, as he was once before, by being "put in a cell, and clothed only in a canvas jacket stiffened with two pieces of wood." In many military mental hospitals, by the way, the attendants are the old asylum warders in a new get-up. One tells us that, while doctors do not spend much time with the inmates, the warders remain in the institutions for fourteen hours a day, six days a week. Can it be wondered that the poor patients do not receive the careful individual attention which is demanded for their recovery? We do not blame the attendants; as a class, they are an exceedingly fine body of men—tactful, hardworking, and scandalously underpaid. One poor shell-shocked man writes us that all correspondence is censored, and only by dodging the post-bag has he got word to us. How many, do you think, have been unable to send word?

"Come Over and Help Us."

Well, anyhow, we have the plain record of men who went into the mental hospitals (according to their own account) quite sane, and have *since* become affected. More than that, we have letters signed by one inmate, by two, by three inmates, *up to one letter signed by fifty-two inmates*, protesting against the conditions prevailing in military mental hospitals. That last terrible document avers that in the institution concerned the patients are "worse off than German prisoners," and it concludes: "We are sent here to be forced into 'Fed ups' or 'lunatics,' so that if we are found unserviceable, we will be soft enough to be put off Class W, B 3, etc., or anything where no pension is attached." We do not ask you to believe that such is the intention of the authorities. But what must be the condition of things if this opinion is so widely held? *And this is one of those institutions in which shell-shock patients are observed and treated before being stamped with the brand of insanity and packed off to a downright asylum!*

The Medical Trade Union.

By the bye, what is that treatment? Do the patients get the good food, open-air exercise, varied interests, and sympathetic society which their malady demands? Or are they simply dosed with bromide and other drugs, and made to choose between the companionship of those similarly afflicted, or isolation? In this respect, as in others, there appear to be degrees of badness, and in one or two cases some pains are taken to make life tolerable. But that is all. The experts are frankly puzzled by the phenomenon of shell-shock; yet, though there is some reason to think that it may be mainly due to a physical disturbance which would be readily righted in congenial surroundings, after the cause of the disturbance is removed, and by the manipulative skill of osteopaths like Mr. H. A. Barker, and though that manipulative treatment could in no case do any harm—*the authorities have set their faces like granite against the intervention of the osteopath.* Whatever happens to the shell-shock patients, both the British Medical Association and the R.A.M.C. are quite resolved that Mr. Barker and his *confrères* shall not help to save them. Medical etiquette *must* be preserved. And now let us suppose that all these soldiers and all their relatives are suffering from common delusion—such as was urged by asylum-keepers when Charles Reade exposed the scandals of his day. Suppose that mental hospitals are convalescent homes of the most delightful kind—beds of roses with gramophone attachment! Suppose that only after the most careful observation and treatment, and when doubt is out of the question, a soldier is sent to an asylum as insane. Is that, even then, the way to treat our mentally-wounded heroes? Is it right that they should *ever* go to an asylum? Is it not our duty to see that these men, who have lost all for our sakes, should be treated at least as well as a rich man who has gone mad and been found out? When they are declared insane, is our duty done, and may we then callously dump them with the congenital lunatic? No! A thousand times no! We are a heartless set of brutes if we consent to it.

Our Great Unpaid Debt.

Even if we *are* heartless, this is a foolish policy. With an obscure disease, produced by an extraordinary set of circumstances, the word "hopeless" should never be pronounced. If the more desperate cases are kept in Homes, altogether apart from natural lunatics, they may well recover in the end, and useful citizens be restored to the service of the State. We go further—and in this case we pretend to know as much as any expert whose vision has been distorted by gazing constantly on the really mad. We maintain that in almost every instance shell-shock patients admitted to hospital might be restored to complete mental health. Oh, what a burden on the consciences of the authorities, and upon your conscience, and upon ours, if all possible means are not taken to prove us right—or wrong!

BLIND JUSTICE.

SHAMEFUL SEVERITY TO AN OLD MAN.

Who will dare to say that there is one law for rich and poor when well-to-do shoplifters get off with a caution and old James Wheatley goes to gaol? James is 76, and lives at Holloway. Owing to the national need for man-power, he has been working in a factory for the noble wage of 15s. a week. This, considering the high price of foodstuffs—new clothing, of course, was out of the question—he found insufficient to keep himself and his crippled wife. We should say so. However, old James, broken-hearted at the meagre diet he was able to provide for his poor wife, determined on a desperate plan—to get an Old Age Pension. If the old man had been granted a pension before April last, there would have been no objection to his earning even as much as 30s. a week; but because he did not make his application until later he was bound by the old harsh Regulations, and not entitled to it as his means exceeded 12s. a week. He rendered a statement that he earned 2s. 6d. a week by doing odd jobs, and drew a weekly allowance of 5s. This misrepresentation, made for the sake of his old missus, was surely a venial offence, only 2s. a week being really involved—half that sum, actually, in view of the share that she took of the meagre amount. A Magistrate with a spark of humanity in him, or a grain of common-sense, would have "bound him over." A Pensions Department with any bowels of compassion would have never taken out a summons. At Marylebone, James Wheatley was solemnly sent to six weeks' hard labour. A wicked sentence! If ever there was a case for the King's Pardon, here is one.

A DISGRACEFUL COMMUNICATION.

NOTTINGHAM MONEYLENDERS' MEAN RUSE.

Apparently Nottingham is a hotbed of moneylenders, and it is clear that these gentry are "up to every move on the board." One of their pleasant little tricks is to make their Promissory Notes payable at Derby, so that in the event of legal proceedings debtors are embarrassed by having to attend the Derby Record Court at a distance from their homes. One of the firms is W. H. Forester, Limited, of 2, Bromley Place, Angel Row, Nottingham, who already have one bad blot on their record. Some time ago, Foresters addressed the following letter to an agent, suggesting a means of bullying the mothers and wives of soldiers who had been foolish enough to get into their toils:—

> Dear Sir,—I omitted to point out this morning that where the letters W. O. occur on our lists they stand for "War Office." We want you in case of necessity to say the War Office will be written in accordance with new rule. The rule is our own making, but the mere mention is sometimes effective. We generally say in case of indifference that we must write the War Office according to new rule with a view to getting a portion of your husband's or son's (as the case may be) deferred pay set aside to pay us, pointing out this will be a serious matter if he gets killed. Shall be pleased if you bear this in mind.

This disgraceful epistle, the original of which is in our possession, is signed "W. H. Forester, Ltd., per F. B. Templeman," and we have no hesitation in saying that it reveals a depth of blackguardism to which it might be thought even these flinty "financiers" would have been ashamed to stoop. The text of this letter should be before the Judge when next W. H. Forester, Ltd., appear as plaintiffs at the Derby Court of Record.

HEARD AT THE TRIBUNAL.

HOW WE MIGHT HAVE LOST THE WAR.

When a Wages Clerk in the employment of Messrs. Healy Brothers applied to the Heywood Tribunal for exemption from military service, Alderman Healy, J.P., with appropriate delicacy, declined to adjudicate. On his return to the Tribunal, however, he must have been more than satisfied with the courtesy of his colleagues, who granted the applicant Conditional Exemption until December 1st, a privilege which he had enjoyed since November, 1916. Take the recent case of Mr. Lambert Ashworth, "aged 49, married, Grade II." Mr. Ashworth wanted Conditional Exemption and a private hearing. Both were granted, and no time lost. So that was that. Equally interesting was the case of Councillor Arthur Barrett, who having by a curious coincidence been recently appointed Secretary of a Y.M.C.A. Hostel at St. Helens, was so much in love with his new duties that he did not trouble to attend at the Heywood Tribunal on either occasion when his name was in the list. It was understood that the Ministry of National Service were handling Mr. Barrett's case, and the Tribunal therefore could only endorse "No appearance" on the application form, although with evident regret that they could not finish the matter out of hand, and thus relieve the applicant's tortured mind. A good deal of sympathy goes out to Councillor Barrett. In the past he has been most active in the encouraging of recruiting, but now that the age for military service has been raised he finds himself called, not to fields of martial renown, as he may have fondly hoped, but to the unheroic security of the Y.M.C.A. We feel for Mr. Barrett, although such ironies of circumstances are perhaps inevitable.

The Right Door, but the Wrong Key.

MRS. ATKINS' MISERIES.

INSULTING SOLDIERS' WIVES WITH CHARITY.

"Another of Them" is "so much in sympathy with the poor soldier's wife now in West Bromwich Workhouse being told to apply for charity," that she is moved to tell us her own story. When her husband enlisted in June, 1916, after attesting under Lord Derby's Scheme, she was at her wits' end how to live on 12s. 6d. a week allowance. In this dilemma she applied to the Civil Liabilities Committee at Herne Bay, where she produced a medical certificate stating that she was suffering from tuberculosis and unfit to work. Next morning she received an official reply that the Committee could do nothing in the matter and that she had better make an appeal to "local charity." "I could have broken my heart at that," she says, "for I had never been so insulted in my life. I was not used to begging, and did not do so." For six months she drew a little from a small Savings Bank account—that invaluable "very present help" in the trouble which sooner or later comes to so many of us as a thief in the night—but presently the balance was exhausted. She was now "compelled to let our much-loved home, furnished," to enable her to get nourishment and necessaries.

One tenant left the place in a filthy condition and would pay no compensation. Another, who always had some tale of woe about his effects not being settled, etc., vanished, leaving nearly £6 rent in arrear. Now the house and the furniture have the old home appearance no more, and what letting-money she is able to get is "almost wanted for rent, rates, and insurances," and she is in the hands of friends who, however kind they wish to be to her, also feel the pinch of war. Of course, it is impossible now to let and again risk getting the rent. The poor creature can only gaze helplessly around her, and wonder how she will contrive to live. "Just think of it all when my husband comes back—an empty bank book and a ruined home—and this after he has done his hard bit to keep the line while shirkers and strikers remain behind making and squandering money and 'keeping home fires burning'—for themselves." It is not a pretty picture to hang up for Christmas. What a shame it should be so typical!

FORM-FILLING FOR POULTRY PICNICS.

HAVE YOU PASSED THE EXAM. FOR HEN RATIONS?

One of the latest forms to be officially fired at suburban householders is the magnificent work of the London (South) Provincial Feeding Stuffs Committee, *per* Mr. Herbert Smith, Secretary of the Poultry Sub-Committee. Instead of starting out with an easy one like, "If a hen-and-a-half lay an egg-and-a-half in a day-and-a-half how far is it from here to Manchester?" Mr. Smith first demands that applicants shall state the number of hens of all breeds hatched prior to 1918. We have calculated the figures as 2,209,643,546,104,526,009, but we were not there all the time, and may have missed one or two. The "Number of Pullets (Heavy breeds) hatched since 31st March," and of "Pullets (Light breeds) hatched since 30th April," should have been ascertained by deducting the number you first thought of from the hens of all breeds and multiplying by the feathers. Even when people have got that about right Mr. Smith is not satisfied. He has a more insatiable yearning for poultry statistics than any man we have ever heard of. "Do you use trap nests?" runs Question 5, "as a means of selecting female birds for breeding purposes?" "No," was the answer required to score the maximum. "I use traps nest as a means of selecting male birds for breeding purposes, for I find that the more eggs a male bird lays the more successful is the trap." Question 6 demanded a descriptive power taxing the resources of a Fleet Street liner. "What method, if any, have you adopted for selecting birds for breeding purposes (a) males, (b) females?" News reaches us from the front that the answers given to this by applicants for special poultry rations were in many cases unfit for publication.

The last two questions are numbered 9 and 10, but Mr. Smith seems to have forgotten to ask them. There are four inches of dead blank. Some people seem to think that it was his idea to ask at 9, Which came first in creation, hens or eggs? and at 10, How do you account for black hens laying white eggs? It is more probable that the space was left blank in order that applicants might, as an extra subject, write an essay on the special class of idiot who prepares Government forms—to confuse, confound and enrage the British public.

THE MEN ON THE ENGINE.

SMALL WAGE FOR ALL-IMPORTANT WORK.

Quiet consideration of some railwaymen's claims lead to the conviction that G.W.R. enginemen did not receive a war bonus before it was due. If one remembers the enormous responsibilities of the men on the plate when driving and firing a main-line express, the settled rate of pay is rather surprising. They work ten hours a day, with no meal times; if it rains, they are wet through all the time. A lad passing as fireman at the age of 18 receives 3s. 6d. a day, with an annual increase till he gets the fireman's maximum wage of 5s. After 10 or 14 years as fireman he has to pass for driver, when his wage commences at 5s. 6d. a day. In five years he has a sixpenny rise, and so on until he obtains the highest possible rate of 8s. These facts and figures savour of old-fashioned ideas as to the value of labour, and are sufficient to account for the uneasy feeling among enginemen that they, at least, are not recompensed according to the services they perform.

DONE FROM DUNDEE.

A LAMP AND A RAMP FOR THE UNENLIGHTENED.

There is a very impudent member of the flat-catching tribe living at 18, Annfield Road, Dundee. His name is James Rodger, and his trap was the following advertisement in an Edinburgh newspaper:—"Pocket flash lamp, guaranteed to last four months without re-charging; 1s. post free." Any person reading that would naturally conclude it to be the offer of a flash lamp. For your shilling, however, you receive merely a sheet of paper containing an alleged "Pocket Lamp Formula." In a few lines you are bidden to place in a bottle a piece of phosphorus and to pour on it some olive oil that has been heated. "The result will be," says the ramping Rodger, "a beautiful luminous light." Having paid your shilling for a lamp and received a lesson in trickery, a light, not luminous but lurid, breaks upon you that you have been "done" by this bonnie Dundee dour. He gives a final instruction:—"Handle phosphorus under water." Many of his dupes would like to handle James Rodger under water, to gasp and splutter until he coughed up his ill-gotten gains.

BOWLED OUT.

WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING.

If you have doubts concerning the size of your joint in comparison with the amount charged by your butcher, it is just as well to submit the affair to the arbitration of another set of scales. There may be a "mistake." One was made by a butcher in Conway. He charged a lady 4s. 7d. for her joint, and said it weighed 3 lb. 4 oz. She was suspicious; so was her soldier-husband. They got a shopkeeper to weigh up that bit of meat, and, armed with the verdict, straightway sought the Conway Food Inspector. They then went forthwith to the shop of Mr. Butcher, and he, being desired to weigh it in their presence, was obliged to admit that it turned the scale at 2 lb. 2 oz., just 1 lb. 2 oz. less than what he had charged for. It is not surprising to learn that he immediately handed over the sum of 1s. 7d., the amount of his over-charge. But it is surprising to learn that, although all this happened in May last, no proceedings have been taken against the offender. The Food Inspector has been spurred up to move his Committee to action, but that Committee will not budge. Yet one would think a clearer case could scarcely come before them, for their own Inspector saw just what happened, and was quick to act within the limits of his power. The rest lies with the Committee, who have no right to shirk their duty to the public, so often defrauded in circumstances offering no legal remedy.

WARNING TO PRES

A People's War, and A People's Peace—Artful

By T E

PHEW! Was it this time *last* year that I was talking about "Peace by Christmas"—after seeing things for myself at the Front, and hearing things from the men—from Haig downwards? It seems all a dream, for everything which is happening is exactly what I was told *would* happen. Indeed, it is all "according to plan"; and although I know that the collapse of Russia may have upset calculations, still there is such an uncanny fulfilment of what I was told to expect, that I feel this "summer-time" business, or something of the kind, must have upset the Calendar, and that, after all, I *was* right! But here let me recall what I said in our issue of September 14th last: "Christmas is coming again, and here goes—what about 'Peace by Christmas' once more? . . . Let's keep saying it. . . . As Official Optimist to the British Empire, I hereby ordain it as my Will and Pleasure." Of course, in neither the strict military nor political sense will "Peace" be concluded within the next ten weeks, but who can doubt that for all practical purposes the war will be over? Indeed, we have reached a point at which the question of military operations fades into the background. The Terms of Peace—*that* is the question.

A Warning to Wilson.

And that brings me to these German overtures, which followed fast upon my announcement that the Kaiser was "caving in." I am afraid I shall adopt—not for the first time—a line totally distinct from that of the general Press. I am not throwing bouquets at President Wilson. He is far too big a man to desire that sort of thing. I wish he had placed himself in touch with the Allies before sending *any* reply to Prince Max; and I am sure that the sooner we establish the principle that we are one in this war, the better it will be for the world's peace. I am all against a Benevolent Interest in our cause. It won't work. We must act together—and every communication to the enemy should be signed by all the belligerents. We are all grateful for America's help; but, remember, she does not consider herself an Ally—simply a friend. At the very time we were crushing Bulgaria, the American Minister was still at Sofia—and I'm not sure that she has yet declared war against either Austria or Turkey. Besides, there are one or two points in Mr. Wilson's List which require elucidation—"Freedom of the Seas," for example. And the leaving open the question of the German Colonies is another. And there are at least half-a-dozen more points to go in. So let us go warily, please, Mr. President—and, above all things, let us act together and speak with one voice. I assure you that we, the People of Britain—and I *know* that your own soldiers will concur—have no intention of letting the enemy escape safely back behind her own frontiers—there to strengthen and consolidate her forces whilst politicians sit with their spectacles on, studying the map, and babbling of love for the German people—who have simply revelled in the crimes and infamies of their armies, and are to-day shouting themselves hoarse with glee over the sinking of the *Leinster* and the murder of her passengers. Didn't America come into the war largely to avenge the sinking of the *Lusitania*? Will she hold parley with the brutes who, whilst asking for peace, are repeating the same kind of outrage? No, there must not and cannot be any tenderness towards the Hun. This is not a war of armies but of peoples, and having defeated the German people, we must exact the penalty to the uttermost farthing. We are fighting an unscrupulous foe, and we must leave no loophole for escape. "If there is anything to be gained by it, we will be honest; if deception is necessary, let us be cheats." Those words of Frederick II. constitute the whole philosophy of the Kaiser and his Government. Therefore no mere signatures will satisfy the nations who have bled and suffered in this struggle against the All-Damnedest. From the Kaiser downwards, the Germans must be treated as criminals, and when we have hanged the chief culprits, the rest of this Judas nation must be held in bondage until full reparation has been made for all its enormities. The enemy must never be treated as an honourable foe. We must debase the head and front of all this offending, and "Unconditional Surrender" first, and then "No Peace with the Hohenzollerns" must be the essential preliminaries to all our schemes for dealing with these peace overtures. This, I assure the President, is the solemn determination of Britain, and, I believe, of all her Allies. Nor can we differentiate between one enemy country and another. What the gallant French Commander said to Bulgaria, and what General Botha said to German East Africa, must be said not only to Turkey and Austria, but also to Germany—"If you want to talk peace, lay down your arms." To put it quite plainly, the time for the exchange of Notes has gone. And I shall be very much surprised if this was not the conclusion arrived at by the recent Versailles Council. I have said elsewhere, and I repeat, that neither Foch nor Haig nor Pershing *dare* issue an Order for the cessation of hostilities for the purpose of enabling the German troops to get safely back home—and I implore the President to leave this matter in their hands. An armistice is essentially a matter of military expediency, and as far as I remember is one which is always left to the discretion of the Commanders in the field. Mr. Wilson is rendering a stupendous service to humanity by sending over his gallant troops to help us, and Heaven knows we needed that help. But only when the enemy is biting the dust will it be time for her to call upon the head of the great Republic of the West to intercede with the Allies for mercy—*just as he did with Japan on behalf of Russia years ago.*

A Trap For The Allies.

Wherefore I say, let us look facts in the face. I am writing with the Reply of Germany before me. It is just what I expected—Camouflage. Simply that, and nothing more—with a bit of extra craft thrown in by way of makeweight. Having trapped President Wilson into limiting the discussion of Peace to the terms of his note, with its fourteen academic points, the wily Hun tries to trick the Allies into a similar dilemma—so that when ultimately the Peace Conference collapses, he may again hurl his recuperated armies against Belgium and France. Listen to this: "The German Government believes that the Governments of the Powers associated with the Government of the United States *also* adopt the position taken by the President." Well, the sooner the German Government is disillusioned on that point, the better. The Allies have not yet formulated their Terms, and until Germany lays down her arms would be fools to do so. Foch is about to administer the knock-out blow, and we will first count the Kaiser out before even telling him our Terms—*telling* him, you note, I say. There must be no question of negotiation. But we promise Germany that she shall have what she talks about in her Reply—"A Peace of Justice"! And she shall have it in full measure. But, first and foremost, we will have her Unconditional Surrender to Foch—or her annihilation by him. But while these paper manœuvres are going on, the glorious fighting boys are settling matters at the Front. As I write any moment may bring news of a gigantic disaster in the West; and it is this danger which prompted the German overtures. Wouldn't the Kaiser just like an Armistice—whilst a "Mixed Commission" was "making the necessary arrangements concerning the evacuation." And all this piffle about the Chancellor speaking "in the name of the German Government and the German people." I do hope the President is not going to swallow such tosh. Prince Max speaks in the name of the beaten and broken German Army—and speaks lies and subterfuges at that. I am sincerely desirous of avoiding friction between our great Western friends and the Allies, but I am sure Mr. Wilson will realise that, after pouring out our blood and treasure for over four agonising years, we mean to see this thing through. We don't forget what the Kaiser said when he thought he had us at his mercy. He was "the Lord's Anointed," and Germany was "to dominate the world." And, above all things, Britain was to be crushed out of existence. Now that we have the monster by the throat, and can hear his death rattles, we are asked to shake hands and be friends. And, with devilish cunning, the appeal is sent through the peace-loving, high-souled President of

RESIDENT WILSON.

Artful Trap for the Allies—They Can't Fool Me.

T EDITOR.

the American Republic, whose ears have never been cracked by the din and roar of the guns, and who, by the Grace of God, has not yet looked upon the sea of tears and blood through which we have been wading; whose frontiers are immune from Hun aggression, and whose industries and commerce have sustained no injury. No, No, No—it won't do. Mr. Wilson has already declared that Germany is without Honour, and that no nation can accept her word. I beg him to remember that declaration. The only way to make Germany keep her word is by depriving her of the means of breaking it. Take away her arms; and no more waste of time with Notes.

The People's Peace.

And now, if you please, we will continue our little list of odds-and-ends which we, the British people, will insist upon the politicians making a note of when it comes to settling the Peace Treaty. We have already, if you remember, asked for an indemnity of ten thousand millions—however long it may take to pay; we have taken back Heligoland—which we ought never to have given up; we have stipulated for the surrender of the German navy—to which item I would now add the handing over of two mercantile vessels for every one torpedoed; and we have made it clear that in no circumstances whatever will we give back the German Colonies. Remember that in all these things I am regarding matters solely from the British point of view. France and Italy will doubtless look after themselves—and, for that matter, so I imagine will America and the other nations fighting on our side; and where any are weak we must come to their rescue. For the moment, I prefer to leave all such things to take their natural course. And, in the same way, I don't propose to talk about President Wilson's fourteen points. Personally, I wish he had never formulated them—just as I wish that our docile politicians and Press had not so glibly swallowed them. "Shut your eyes and open your mouth and see what President Wilson will send you" is not my policy; and I cannot believe that it is the wish of President Wilson that such should be our attitude. I am sure he fully realises that the final word must be with the Allies.

Punish Their Pockets.

That must be another item. I notice that my Lord Grey the other night, in that ponderous pronouncement on the League of Nations, said that each member of it must be free to settle its own fiscal policy. However that may be, one point in Britain's fiscal policy must be, and shall be, to boycott German manufactures. To charge her an Indemnity on one hand and to let her compete, on unfair terms, with our own manufactures on the other—and to make our markets the dumping-ground for her surplus produce—would be mere tomfoolery. As I have often pointed out, there is plenty of security for the Indemnity in those Westphalian and Pomeranian coal and other mines; whilst what about the enormous hoards of gold which she has extorted from Russia, Belgium, and other countries—to say nothing of what she had already saved up? Yes, that's a good idea—let's have her gold. *That's* the stuff to give us! But coming back to the question of Trade, we will have no dealings with the Huns. They must find their markets elsewhere, if they can, or, failing that, live by taking in each other's washing—(always, of course, assuming that Germans *do* wash). And here's another point upon which we shall have to ask President Wilson to enlighten us. He tells us there must be "trading equality among peaceable nations." If that means that our ports, after the war, are to be open to goods "made in Germany," I, for one, will have none of it. We've had some—and never again, *if* you please. Lord Grey, on the other hand, reserves "the economic weapon" for the punishment of future misconduct on the part of any nation. I prefer to use it *now*—for the punishment of Germany.

Shun the Hun.

We must next stipulate that for years and years to come no person of German birth shall be naturalised in this country, or be permitted to take any part in its public life, or, indeed, to land on its shores. "Shun the Hun" must be the motto—be he prince, Privy Councillor, banker, waiter or barber. I am never afraid of giving things their right names, and I say plainly that I am out for a vendetta against the brutes and beasts who have murdered and outraged old men and women and children, and have sent many of my dearest friends and some of my relatives to their graves. I am out for a vendetta against the fiends who, even as they plead for peace and talk of humanity, are razing to the ground some of the fairest cities of the earth and are sending innocent civilians to the bottom of the sea. "We must admit Germany to the League of Nations," say Lord Grey and Mr. Wilson. "Devil a bit of it," say I. Her proper place is in the League of Devils—with Hell as headquarters.

The Kaiser as Hostage.

Well I think that will do for the present—subject to one further condition. The Kaiser must be held as hostage by the Allies—whilst his confederates in crime must, with him, be put upon their trial by an International Court of Justice—over which I should have no objection to President Wilson presiding—and I should like to be Counsel for the Prosecution! Don't forget, we have the solemn declaration of the British Government that the perpetrators of Germany's ghastly outrages shall be brought to justice "whoever they are and whatever their station." And don't forget, too, that—coming to the smaller fry amongst these miscreants and murderers—we already have in our custody several of the U-boat and Zeppelin commanders. To let all these people go scot free would be such a crime and such a betrayal as to make our dead heroes turn in their graves. Ah, yes—I know it is grim and ghastly business; but the only way to stop it from ever coming upon the world again is to give posterity for all time an object-lesson in what they who let loose the dogs of war must expect when the decree of a righteous God has brought them to the bar of human justice Abdication must not avail the Kaiser, any more than it should Constantine and Ferdinand—or than it did the unhappy Romanoff of Russia. These three men were conspirators against the world's peace; they have bathed Europe in blood, and have sent hundreds of thousands—aye, millions—to their graves; and, strictly speaking, all three of them should hang together. The more exalted the criminal, the greater the crime. In any case, with these men at large there can be no security for the world's peace, and the very least sentence upon them should be that they be exiled from the Peoples they have sacrificed and betrayed.

To the Albert Hall!

But we must be up and doing if we are not to be betrayed. Did you notice that only the other day Mr. Balfour told us that "after the war Germany will still be powerful, prosperous and wealthy"? What do you think of that? It matches the declaration of Mr. Asquith, two years ago, that "when the war is over Germany will still have a powerful fleet." Here you get a sidelight upon the kind of peace which you must expect if you leave it to the politicians. I have no intention of doing so. I want to make them understand that they are our servants and not our masters—that, as I have already said, this is a People's War and that it shall be a People's Peace. And even if they see that the nation, as a whole, is determined on a fight to a finish, or an absolute surrender, and decide to take their courage in both hands, it will be necessary to back them up by a convincing demonstration of public opinion. And I want those of you who agree with me to come to the great demonstration which I am organising at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on Saturday afternoon, November 2nd, when we will give the Government its mandate. Full particulars will be announced in due course, but meanwhile make a note of the date. I remember one meeting called by me at that great place a few years ago when, according to the police reports, 50,000 people were unable to obtain admission. Let there be half a million this time. We can hold overflow meetings, outside the Hall, up the side-streets, in the Park—anywhere and everywhere—*unless the Police stop us. And that will do almost as well!*

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD HALDANE.

Good m——. 'Ere! I don't want *you* in 'ere. 'Unnerstand. 'Op it! . . Eh? . . . I don't care if you '*aven't* got time to find another barber. You won't git nothink done at *my* 'ands. I tell yer straight! I mean it. Nuth—ink doin'!! Ain't *thet* plain enough for you? . . . Oh, yes, I know all about thet. You may 'ave *fifty* dinners to attend to-night and a thousan' public meetin's. Don't make no diff'rence to me. Go as you are. People wot invite *you* to dinner must be barmy, so they won't notice w'ether you're shaved or not. As for yer public meetin's—well, you ain't in Newcastle now, yer know. I doubt w'ether there's fifty people in London wot 'ud lower themselves to sit an' lis'n to you, let alone notice w'ether you wanted a scrape or not. You don't grow much 'air at the best o' times, I should think by the looks of yer. . . . Eh? *W'y this abuse?* This ain't abuse, this is jest a friendly admonition, as the Nosey Parker district visitors say. It means—buzz orf! I ain't got no use for you. . . . I *never* loved you, did I? . . . No. Well, *now* I 'ates an' dispises you. I just read a report of a speech you made the other day in Newcastle. You must be dotty. You sed England was *not* unprepared for wore in 1914. You blitherin' idjit! 'Ow many machine guns 'ad we in 1914? . . . Oh, *the importance of thet arm 'adn't been realised*, 'adn't it? But 'ow many machine guns 'ad the 'Uns got w'en they sprung like dirty 'ounds at the throat of Belgium? Arnser me thet? . . . *A few more?* Don't be silly. Any'ow, you admit they 'ad more. An' yet you sed at Newcastle thet the Germans wasn't prepared neether! Wot is it—softenin' of the brain, or wot? 'Adn't they prepared their 'eavy 'owitzers fur bashin' down the Belgium forts? 'Adn't they got their Zepps ready to drop bombs on London, an' their poison gas to choke our chaps, 'oo 'adn't got so much as a old lady's respirator to protect them? 'Adn't they got their flammenwerfers, as they call 'em—their 'ellish liquid-fire squirts fur peelin' the livin' flesh orf our pore, unprotected lads? And you say Germany was unprepared for war—and *we wasn't!* You footlin' ass! I tell yer, this country's gittin' tired of yer. We 'aven't fergot 'ow you discharged first-class workmen from Woolwich Arsenal, an' let 'em go acrorss to Krupps for a job. But thet don't matter. Thet's ancient 'ist'ry. We've found you out since then. We 'aven't forgot anythink you've done an' nuthink you've sed. We remember 'ow you spoke, with tears in your voice, about yore "spiritual home, Germany." Well, we don't want anybody in this country 'oo's spiritual 'ome is Germany, and I won't 'ave anybody o' thet sort in my shop. An', by the way, wot's this I 'ear about you officially interviewin' returned British prisoners o' wore? Wot's the game? Wot questions do you awsk 'em? Wot's the idea? Do you warn 'em to keep their mouths shut about the 'orrors they've gone through, or wot? I tell yer, I don't like it. Don't come 'ere no more. If you want a shave, use sandpaper. . . . I feel better now. Missus, bring me down a drop o' thet beer I brought in last night. Somebody's bin in 'ere 'oo's left a narsty taste in me mouth. . . .

THE IDEAL PAPER FOR WOMEN.

"EVERYWOMAN'S."

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"LEICESTER DAILY MERCURY":—
"An official message from Vienna says King Ferdinand has abdicated, and his son Boris RESIGNS in his stead."

"DAILY MAIL" (letter to Editor):—
"Bona-fide women applicants for COAL TO WASH WITH for customers who are dependent upon them should surely be given an extra coal ration."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—
"Defendant said she had apple and STRAWBERRY TREES in her garden."

"PEOPLE":—
"There is no remedy for grey hair. DYING we don't recommend."

"EVENING STANDARD":—
"There was no sound of war at all; just the SOUND OF SILENCE."

"ANSWERS' LIBRARY":—
"My lord walks into it as unsuspecting as a baby, and WALKS OUT OF IT A DEAD MAN."

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"Mrs. —— had ONLY ONE EYE, and could not see well with THE OTHER."

"IRISH INDEPENDENT" (advertisement):—
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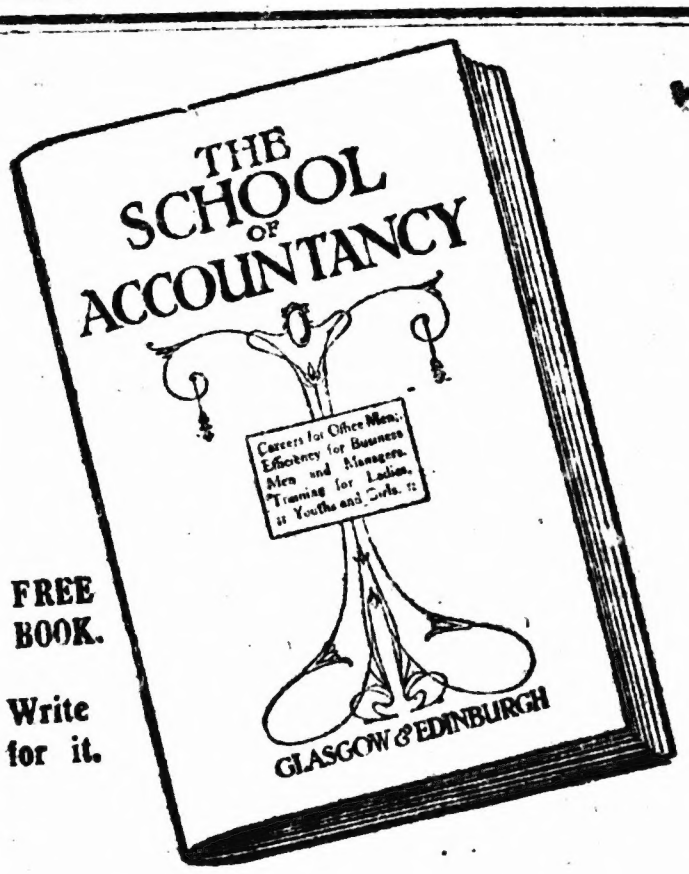

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Use your spare time in keeping in touch with business, in preparing for the big positions awaiting you when you come back.

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THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY

2, WEST REGENT STREET GLASGOW

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 10th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

"Something Accomplished":—Since our Military and Naval Department was formed we have, as only a portion of our work, handled letters from Tommy and Jack, their dependents and pensioners, to the number of 249,600. We have also personally interviewed 9,160 applicants for advice or assistance, whilst our visits to various camps have totalled 832. Much hard work has been entailed, but it has been a labour of love, and our recompense lies in the fact that in many respects we have obtained a betterment of conditions. Keep on writing to JOHN BULL—we will do the rest.

An Unsavory Jail:—The old jail at Cupar has been handed over to the 4th Reserve Battalion Royal Scots for the confinement of soldiers awaiting trial. The unfortunates immured there are placed in damp cells that smell of must, and it does not cheer them to know that the place was condemned as unfit for civilian criminals twenty years ago.

A Pertinent Question:—Last Spring, in many camps our Tommies turned vacant spaces into allotments, and raised generous crops of vegetables. It often happened that units were shifted, leaving the allotments, and the men ask us what has become of the money raised by the sale of the vegetables, etc. We confess that we do not know.

A Much-Signed Complaint:—We have received a letter from Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, signed by over 40 patients, complaining about the shortness of rations, general harsh treatment on the part of a big-bug, and paucity of leave. "C.B.s" appear to be thrown about indiscriminately, and the inmates state that it is almost impossible to escape confinement for microscopical breaches of rules.

An Officer's Complaint:—Territorial A.S.C. Officers who had trained their units and gained their three pips before the war broke out, tell us that they have not since obtained promotion, and in many cases have been made juniors to men who joined the corps a couple of years ago. It naturally goes against the grain to serve under acting temporary Majors and Colonels who were civilians when they themselves were Captains.

For the Master of Ordnance:—A Service bullet is supposed to be of lead, with a jacket of nickel, weighed to the gramme in order that it may reach its objective according to the range scaled on the rifle. Soldiers from France send us dissected bullets which are not filled with lead, but with brown paper, and they complain to us that their projectiles fall short—that is to say, if the enemy is 1,000 yards distant and the rifle is sighted accordingly, the bullet drops where it cannot do harm to Fritz. This hint may be of use to the Chief of the Royal Laboratory.

Ignorant and Filthy:—A soldier was admitted into the Connaught Hospital, Aldershot, suffering from an innocuous skin disease. When he was discharged and reported at Headquarters he found that his name was up in Orders as being afflicted with a bad form of "V. D.," pay having been stopped accordingly. Things have been made right now, but no explanation has been posted in Part II. Orders informing the comrades of the unfortunate man that his character is not such as the first notification alleged. Unhappily, such "unfortunate incidents" are not uncommon, and we know of several happy homes having been broken up through similar mistakes.

"JACK."

Rather Unfair:—The Warrant and Commissioned Officers who rejoined the Navy for the duration of the war are suffering from what they legitimately consider an injustice. During service their pensions have been cut out, they being granted in lieu 25 per cent. of their pay. Ratings below Warrant rank are in receipt of pay and pension, and in many cases are drawing a great deal more than their own officers. Sir Eric is in America, but somebody in authority might look into this.

Where is the Money?:—Four Royal British Seamen send us the following problem: For various petty offences, they pay annually an average fine of 20s. per man. The figure in the Merchant Service is the same, the sum running into about £15,000, which is handed over to the Sailors' Widows and Orphans Fund. Our correspondent asks us where the money he and his mates pay goes to? and we must candidly confess that we do not know.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

For Mr. Hodge:—The Minister of Pensions has publicly suggested that employers should take on as many discharged soldiers as possible. A communication before us leads us to think that he should begin with the various branches of his own Department. One office-keeper, who is fit for the Army, has never worn khaki. At the same time, he appears to be militant, as the men under him tell us that he bullies them and makes their lives miserable. Come along, Mr. Hodge.

Another for the Pensions Minister:—If a man happens to contract a disabling disease while in the Service, or if he had the disease on enlistment and it was aggravated by soldiering, he is supposed to be entitled to pension. We frequently receive complaints from men suffering from consumption and other ailments which started during their Service, but whose applications have been turned down. We regret to gather also that the promise that a man's pre-war earnings would not be enquired into for the fixing of his pension appears to be more or less a dead letter.

An Irishman's Rise:—It was the custom of the Food Production Department to pay the motor-tractor ploughmen in Essex 30s. a week, and 1s. for each acre ploughed—which meant about 12s. per man extra. Recently the Agriculture Wages Board increased the farm workers' pay to 32s. weekly. The Food Production Department followed suit in a rather curious way; they now pay the tractor-drivers 32s., but have reduced the allowance per acre from 1s. to 3d. The men consider the treatment "rotten," as it does not give them a living wage in these times.

R.S.V.P.:—When the position of Clerk and Registrar to the Carmunnock, Lanarkshire, Parish Council fell vacant, there was a strong feeling locally that a discharged soldier should be given the appointment, but it seems that the choice fell upon Mr. John Steel, a gentleman who, while doubtless possessed of many excellent qualifications, had never been inside a khaki tunic. Perhaps the Chairman will be good enough to inform us whether there were any discharged men among the candidates for the vacant post, and if so why none of them got a look in? We assume, of course, that there was nothing about this job that he would mind mentioning.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Pitiful Plight:—A soldier's wife has six children suffering from consumption, and a delicate baby; naturally she has had to leave her work to stay at home to tend them. She is thus unable to cope with expenses, and her rent became considerably in arrear. Our timely assistance, however, prevented unpleasant action on the part of the landlord.

Discomforting:—An ex-soldier has, since his discharge from the Service, been under medical treatment for malaria, and consequently unable to work. His pension of eleven shillings a week is his only income, as his wife is also temporarily disabled. Repeated letters to the War Pensions Committee have been ignored, and the poor fellow received our help with gratitude.

Prostrate With Grief:—While on holiday the two children of one of our fighting men were taken ill with whooping cough and pneumonia, and they both died within a fortnight. The poor mother's health has broken down through the shock, and she has a lengthy doctor's bill to pay, towards which she asked our aid.

Enough to Craze Her:—A woeful letter reached us from a woman who is attending a dying husband—the poor fellow, she tells us, sinking through lack of nourishment. He is consumptive, and has for months past been awaiting admission to a sanatorium. Her children are ill-clad, and she had been threatened with eviction on account of arrears of rent.

No Clothes to Work In:—An ex-soldier, after some weeks of misfortune, has been offered a post at a distance from his home. A railway ticket has been given to him, but he had no decent clothes in which to travel, having had to pledge to eke out his pension. Our assistance was given to redeem the things, and also to provide for other necessities during his first week's work.

Some Further Cases:—Soldier home on leave to see dying daughter. Not in credit with his regiment; in urgent need of a grant.

Three children under doctor; the mother cannot work or pay bills without assistance.

Mother of soldier invalided; one of her daughters died after long illness; many debts on hand.

Sudden illness necessitates soldier's dependent leaving work and going to rest home; arrears of rent had to be paid at once.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"D. L. I." 3s.; J. T. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; "A Yorkshireman," 5s.; S. M., £5; C. U., 2s.; H. C. (Doncaster), 3s. 8d.; Mr. R., 2s. 2d.; V. E. C., 5s.; C. T. D., 1s. 6d.; "Sympathiser," 1s.; N. R. L. (Burnley), 5s.; G. A. H., 2s. 6d.; E. J., £1; R. S. G., £1; V. E. C., Croydon, 10s. 6d., "Soldier's Mother" (Lincs), 2s. 6d.; Pte. A. P., 6d.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; "Avenue" (St. Albans), 2s. 6d.; A. B., 3s. 6d.; A. S. (Keighley), 1s. 3d.; H. I. S. (Peckham), 2s.; "Taxi Driver 272," 1s.; W. H. C. (Athlone), 1s.; "Shylock," 1s.; "Kirkdale (Liverpool) Falcons," 10s.; "The Idiot," 3s.; J. S. S., 2s.; H. G. W., £1; E. M. B. (Canterbury), 10s.; E. G. (Liverpool), £1; W. R. B. (Retford), 2s. 6d.; C. W. (Cambridge), 10s.; "Hirano," 10s.; J. T. J. (Lancaster), 1s.; "Ex-Tommy," 10d.; W. W. (Chichester), 3s. 6d.; "Common Tommy," 2s. 9d.; Mrs. L. C. (Smethwick), 1s.; G. F. P., 5s.; E. H. (Paignton), £3; H. B. (Chester), 1s.; "Anon," 1s.; "A Child of Gateshead," 5s.; J. B. M., 6d.; C. L. (Diss), 3s. 6d.; "A Ship's Quartermaster," 1s.; "St. Clair," 1s. 1½d.; W. J. S., 5s.; C. M., 2s.; B. E. R., 3s.; N. R. (Greenock), 7s.; O. L. (Ylewsley), 2s. 6d.; S. C. (Falmouth), 2s.; "Tetsano Maru," 10s.; Pte. W. B., 1s. 6d.; M. D., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Mrs. S. (Kingston), 6d.; "No. 7218," 1s. 6d.; E. T. (Exeter), 1s.; "Rufus," 6d.; A. H. (Rotherham), 5s.; C. S. (Ealing), 10s.; Pte. E. L. S., (Warminster), 10s.; A. W. H., 2s.; "Jerry," 5s.; "A Mother of Three Soldier Sons," 2s. 9d.; "Sgt. R.O.A.," 8s. 1d.; E. O. (Gillingham), 1s.; E. A. E. A., 1s. 6d.; K. C., 1s.; "Seedy," 5s. 2d.; "Efdee," 10d.; Pte. H. D., 6d.; W. G., 1s.; W. J. G., 1s.; S. K., 10s.; "A Widow," 6d.; F. U. (Liverpool), 1s.; "A Neutral in Name," 2s. 6d.; A. J. (Maryhill), 2s. 6d.; "A Thankoffering, A. L.," 2s. 6d.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; "Senfarer," (Isleard), £5; "W.," £1; "A Yorkshireman," 5s.; M. W. (Meopham), 10s.; A. H. (Crook), 2s. 6d.; L. F. (Helensburgh), 2s. 6d.; H. J. (E. Ham), 2s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; T. M. (Glasgow), 2s.; P. S. B. K., 5s.; Mrs. K. D. (Chislehurst), 2s. 6d.; W. A. W., 2s. 6d.; A. K. E. (Berkenhead), 5s.; "2s. 6d. Winner, A.," 8d.; A. C. (France), 2s. 4d.; "Kil," 1s. 6d.; "Chequers," 5s.; J. B., 10s.; "Torpedoman of H.M.T. *Repulse*," 10s.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters,* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

Mrs. M. J. (Collier's Wood).—The boys must be all right after demobilisation. We will see to that. So will they.

"THREE OF THE BOYS" (Canadians).—"Any soldier who cannot look after himself in London for 10 days had better fetch his mother." You have put a bushel of truth in 17 words.

"A READER."—Your protest against our recent reference to the casting of lots for Christ's garments at the Crucifixion is as narrow-minded as it is unwarranted. Some uncommonly "good" people seem to think that Biblical incidents should be mentioned only with bated breath and a blush.

"A. V. (Witham).—You are right. We love Conscientious Objects so intensely that it is positively painful for us to pass one without a wild embrace.

"A DISGUSTED MOTHER" (Coldfield).—The Food Officer will not permit extra butter except for consumptives. Put up with the usual ration, and thank God your son is not consumptive.

A. F. (New Stevenston).—You rebuke us for referring to Mr. Lloyd George as the Prime Minister of England. That was done in view of the ink and paper shortage. We are, of course, aware that he is also P.M. of Scotland, Ireland and Wales. But "England," notwithstanding your passionate Scottish protest, occupying 9 quarto pages of useful paper, remains the concise term, and is so used all over the world.

"PATRIOT" (Beeston Hill).—We agree with your soldier son about strikers. "A bit of going over the top would do 'em good."

A. B. (Weston-super-Mare).—"You are just splendid this week." H'm. Thanks. But what's the matter with us other weeks?

C. (St. Margarets).—"When Tommy, maimed and sore at heart, Again returns for a new start, He finds to him all gates are shut, While funkhole loafers play the knut," We must unite to prevent that scandal.

H. C. (Birmingham).—"Being a regular reader, may I ask you a question—am I entitled to live?" Certainly, so long as you continue a regular reader.

J. B. (Grantham).—"At a certain camp in Essex my son is in charge of Germhun prisoners." Glad somebody is in charge of 'em somewhere.

R. (Bottesford).—"It would be awfully interesting to do detective work in London, parts of which are known to me." Quite so; almost as beastly jolly as watching the pictures. But we are not handing out any work of that sort, our private pack of sleuth hounds being equal to our requirements.

W. R. (Clifton).—"When you want a few shillings let me know." Thanks. What's your telegraphic address?

H. H. B. (Brigg).—"God bless our lads so brave Over the sea, Keep them, O Lord, quite safe, Where'er they be; And in the battle's fight Protect them by Thy might, And bring them near to Thee, Nearer to Thee." Amen to that.

MRS. R. (Hayling Island).—As your husband, a Chief Petty Officer, has been to see the Coal Officer, we guess you have got your coal. Something happens when the Silent Navy speaks.

W. F. (Peckham).—Sorry we can't offer you a "light watchman's job," for under present restrictions we haven't any light worth watching. Perhaps one of our dazzling contemporaries can obligo you.

T. F. K. (Agra, India).—Our ultimatum to Germany expired at 11 p.m., Tuesday, 4th August, 1914. Your memory wants stretching.

H. E. H. (Norwich).—As a solicitor has your case in hand we prefer to await the result before expressing our opinion either of your Chief Constable's action or the quality of your rhymes, which we have returned as requested.

J. C. McL. (R.A. Dock).—Afraid if we butted in about the wages paid to refrigerating engineers we should only get the cold shoulder.

"SERVICE" (Salisbury).—"Do you consider it right 2 Q.M.A.A.C. girls should be turned out of a place of worship on Sunday night?" Nor on any other night, if they behave themselves.

"ONE WHO KNOWS" (October 3rd) wants to bet us 20 coupons to our next week's sugar ration that we don't know the whereabouts of H.M.S. *Conqi*. If we could whisper we should win.

"SNOWY" (Swanmore).—"What a shame to think British women can't travel without dirty old Germhuns being put in the same carriage." The railways must be short of cattle trucks.

"LIEUT." (Ret., Middlesex Regt.) urges us to "warn the public against some of those tenth-class jewellers who are expert in the art of rookism." Our gallant friend *must* have been a long time abroad.

G. D. (Consett).—Week after week have we condemned public bodies for ignoring ex-service men when making appointments. All over the country this shabby behaviour exists, and Consett is no worse, but just as bad, as other places.

E. B. (Naval Base).—Cronje was a short, stout man, with a bushy beard. Why the dickens you boys should bet about it passes our comprehension.

"DOVER."—So our article had its effect, and Dover Education Authority has decided to make up (as promised) salaries of teachers in the Army. Thanks for your thanks, and congrats. to Dover's second thoughts.

"AN OLD READER" (Chelsea).—"Now I will conclude. I hear you saying, 'About time!'" What quick ears!

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Kentish Town).—To refuse time off during husband's leave was mean and nasty, but you cannot claim wages, as you were absent without permission.

F. B. G. (Kimberley).—"Under separate cover am posting a small rough model of a ship's hull, covered with what I might call . . ." Either you're a fibber, or it has been torpedoed.

"ONE OF THE WOMEN" ("Black Country").—Women at the pit have to cease work because the new man (old man being laid up) refuses to saw the wood for them—soldiers' wives. He is 19, and "cocksure of his job"! If he won't saw wood, 'tis time he saw service.

"ONE OF THE DISAPPOINTED ONES" (Scotland).—Three months' annual leave for all women enlisted with the forces would be very nice and convenient and all that, but we are afraid you must still be content to "report sick" when the need becomes sufficiently pronounced.

J. C. (Reading).—If you believe that giving the farthing to the Italian organ-grinder "for luck" brought success to our arms in France, then the sooner you put your name down for the next vacancy in the asylum the better.

W. W. (London, S.W.).—You have our sympathy if you are co-tenants with "The Premier Watch Co.," for they are tricksters of the deepest dye. If you want to preserve your own reputation, you had better make a move.

E. G. (Southampton).—"I have composed the following poem: 'The iron horse sweeps out of site, etc.'" Say you are sorry, and we'll forgive you.

MRS. D. (Middlesbro').—We agree with you that the treatment of British prisoners in Hunland is devilish, and that of Germhun prisoners here lovely.

"MOGUL" (Oxon).—You have lost your bet. There is no legal offence in paying or receiving payment in gold, but hoarding gold does not indicate a patriotic spirit.

"DONALD" ("100 Miles Farther South").—More visions! What is your favourite refreshment?

"THE PEOPLE" (London).—"How about Xmas? Is it to be a dry one?" As dry, undoubtedly, as the Pumpuritans can make it.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE."—We have had much pleasure in forwarding to the woman whose case we referred to under this heading the following sums of money sent us by sympathetic readers: J. A., £5; Anon. (S.E. 17), 2s. 7d.; "Bristolian," 10s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 10s.; "A Sympathiser," £1; "Dandy," £5; "Mother and Two Daughters," 10s.; "Devonshire Dumpling," 10s.; Mrs. M. F., 4s.; Mrs. A. M., 5s.; M. A. M., 3s.; Pte. J. H. S., 2s. 6d.; Women on Staff of King's Theatre, Kilmarnock, £9. We have also put forward several kind offers of assistance.

"GUNNER" (R.G.A.).—"To settle a bet, is trine a vegetable or not?" No; but it is a corrugated edible substance, closely related to onions.

T. W. (Crownhill Hutments).—"Is black a colour or shade?" Is this also to settle a bet? If so, you can bet there are seven colours of the prism, and black isn't among them.

"A WORKING MAN" (Calver).—The milk problem is a serious one. Infants have been up in arms about it as long as we can remember.

W. S. C. (Bowes Park).—"On more than one occasion I have written you, respecting the Globe moving on its axis, and the population clinging thereto with the hope of not falling off. In every instance I have received a most courteous reply." Yes; but you mustn't try us too often. "There is a limpet," as Mrs. Malaprop said.

J. A. (Edinburgh).—"The Aberdeen cuddles are the serious folk in Scotland." Do not tempt us to make any remark anent the Scots. We invariably get it in the neck from some Caledonian, stern and wild, when we make a reference to them.

W. G. B. (West Hartlepool).—"The clergyman went on to say that a great deal of intellectual power was being wasted by the reading of such rubbish as JOHN BULL." Then the rev. gentleman had better give us up, for judging by his remark he has very little intellectual power to waste.

A. S. (Dalwhinnie).—If Davis and Co. will not return your money, summon them. We are getting tired of printing warnings which readers neglect.

T. J. G. (Bedford).—"Should be much obliged if you would let me know on what day the clocks were put back last year?" So long as you've put your clock back this year, you need not worry about last year—or next.

"MEMBERS OF THE A.S.E."—Your letter bears four signatures, but they are all written by the same hand.

MRS. F. M. D. (Brighton).—We've never found anything "disgusting" in Mormon tracts. That's the point. It's the chances in Salt Lake City which count.

C. McC. (Horrobridge).—Had to put on spectacles four deep to read your screed. Have mercy on us, O Mac!

D. M. (Kirkcaldy).—If the Board of Inventions can't see its way to adopt your wonderful engine, it may be that it doesn't perceive its wonders.

G. A. B. (Dover) suggests that, as Dunn's sons refuse to fight, the public should refuse to buy Dunn's hats. If they do, it's done.

"READER" (Edmonton Mil. Hospital).—"Who is responsible for the 11 trucks of bad meat at Angel Road Station on Tuesday, 27th last?" He would feel bad also if we knew.

MRS. A. (Rushden).—"I am taking liberty in writing to you on behalf of the strikers." You are. A very great liberty. We can listen to nothing on their behalf till the war is won.

"A REGULAR SPECIAL CONSTABLE" (Stourbridge).—A hundred "Specials," with about 1 doz. capes and armlets between them, and not a whistle or a baton amongst the lot, excite our sympathy for themselves and our contempt for the town that treats them so scurvily.

M. W. (Bexhill).—"I have tried for JOHN BULL prizes for over 20 years." We never contradict a lady, but you try us high, for our age is but something over half that—and the competitions are even younger!

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Our
New
Safety
Model
As sold at
15/-
Price
with 1 coupon
5/6
You may send coupons to the value of 1/- and P.O. for
4/6
This Pen can safely be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nib section is drawn into the ink barrel. An ideal pen for travelling purposes.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *(Oct. 19th, 1918.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO., LTD.

Sir Hallewell Rogers (chairman), moving the adoption of the report and balance-sheet at the annual meeting of this company at Birmingham, on the 9th inst., said the balance to the credit of profit and loss account, after the inclusion of income from the Daimler Company and other investments, and making full provision for income-tax and excess profits duty, stood at £435,207, an increase of £7,000 compared with last year. The works at Small Heath and Sparkbrook, at Redditch and of the Daimler Company at Coventry, had been almost wholly employed on work of supreme national importance. The stock of finished and unfinished work, raw material, etc., stood at £1,347,627, or £280,000 more than last year. The debtors, amounting to £1,635,000, consisted for the most part of accounts due from the Government. On the liability side of the balance-sheet there was the large figure of nearly £3,000,000 for sundry creditors and other accounts, consisting largely of provision to meet income-tax for the year and munitions levy and excess profits duty to date. The chairman next referred to the recommendation that a portion of the reserve fund should be capitalised by the issue to the ordinary shareholders of 1,150,473 new ordinary shares of £1 each credited as fully paid.

Referring to the work of the company, Sir Hallewell said the manufacture of rifles, military bicycles and motor cycles had been carried on unremittingly since the beginning of the war, and perhaps the most striking of the company's products was the Lewis machine-gun, an arm of vital importance for the forces.

Mr. E. Manville, deputy chairman, in seconding the resolution, said the fact that the workpeople had been able to save half a million pounds in two years showed that they were being adequately paid. It was obvious that the total amount in excess of what might be termed the necessary living wage earned by the employees of the company was very considerable, and it was interesting to note that this half-million pounds represented almost as great a sum as has been paid in the last two years by way of dividend to the shareholders. The fact that so large a sum had been saved by the employees was a matter of great gratification to the directors, because the board took care, and he ventured to think the shareholders would agree, that every encouragement and every facility possible should be given to the employees of the company to earn such an amount as would enable them to live healthily and well, and be able to save even beyond the amount necessary to do that.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

MESSRS. VICKERS, LTD.

Mr. Douglas Vickers, presiding at Sheffield, on the 8th inst., at the fiftieth annual meeting of Messrs. Vickers, Ltd., said that during the past year they had inaugurated a policy which was later adjusted by the Ministry of Munitions, of employing to the fullest extent their works. The result was an enormous increase in output. This ran into 25 millions for their company alone, and 29 millions when they reckoned inter-works deliveries. These figures were not reflected in the profit and loss. The company was so limited by Acts of Parliament that the account bore little relation to the year to which it belonged, but rather was a reflection of the profits in the three pre-war years, which went to make the standard period. The profit paid out to the shareholders on their money invested was only about £870,000, and these figures only represented 3½ per cent. on the smaller turnover.

By December next the second debentures 4½ per cent. shown at £308,000 would have been reduced to £53,500, and the third debentures shown at £750,200 would by the same date (December 2) be reduced to £615,800.

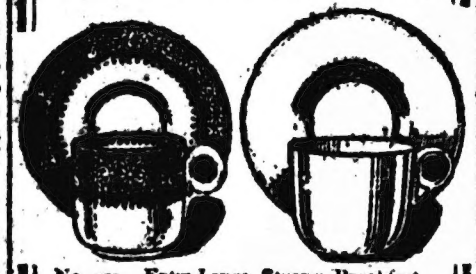
Coming to the peace preparations of the company, it was interesting to note that his remarks on this subject at their April meeting brought numerous suggestions, including some from America, the speech having been reprinted in the United States Consular report. They expected a largely increased output in ships, railway material, motor-car engines, turbines, and electrical material, and also of magnets, gas engines, land boilers, wood products, sewing machines, and repetition work generally. It would be necessary to have large stocks of such products in their own and their agents' warehouses, and that would mean more capital sunk in their work. They would also probably have to do a great deal more financing, and it was possible they might have to join with banks in financing undertakings.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITIES AT

GAMAGES

GREAT STOCK-REDUCING SALE

NOW ON SALVAGE CUPS & SAUCERS NOW ON



No. 253. Extra Large, Strong Breakfast

CUPS AND SAUCERS

(Wood's Vitrified)

Plain White. Suitable for Messes, Institutions, etc. As illustrated. Sale Price, per doz. 9/11

Worth more. Packing and carriage 1/6 doz.

No. 262. Large Breakfast Fancy White Ironstone

CUPS AND SAUCERS

Sale Price, per Doz. To-day's Price, 12/9 8/11½

Packing and Carriage, 1/6 extra.

ENAMEL PORRINGERS

Fine quality Enamel Porringer with white interior, to hold about ½ pints.

Complete with lid. Offered while stock lasts each 13/9.

Carriage 6d. extra.

Slightly larger size, about 3½ pints, in all grey enamel. Sale price 14/9 Carriage 6d.

THOUSANDS OF OTHER BARGAINS. Write for SALE LIST Post Free

All Post Orders should be accompanied by Remittance.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

ENERGY and PERSISTENCE

The great need of to-day is for energetic, persistent and efficient workers who are not deterred by difficulties. The exercise of these qualities makes great demands upon the human body: demands which may be met with the assistance of 'BYNOGEN.'

'BYNOGEN' is rich in Milk Protein, the most powerful of all body-builders; in phosphorus, the nerve builder; and in malt products which supply energizing carbo-hydrates. All these are combined to form a perfect concentrated food alike for hard workers and growing children.

'Bynogen' Trade Mark

Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- & 9/-

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.

Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

Established in the City of London, A.D. 1715
'857

Ensures clean sweet Mouths and Throats.

"SoToL"

Indispensable to cleanly people.

Delightful in use. Invaluable to Smokers.

Of all chemists, or post free 2/9 (30). Western Dental Mfg. Co. Ltd., 14, Wigmore Street London, W.1. Samples 3d. stamps.

Baby's Car is the "Trippa" folding BABY CAR

Baby like the Trippa-Mother likes the Trippa. It folds so small it can be stored in any corner. It is so light it can be carried with ease to any part of the house. It is strong, compact, comfortable, handsome and easy to manipulate. It gives all the luxury of an expensive bassinette with the convenience of a light folding Go-Cart. Obtainable of all Pram Dealers, Stores, etc. Prices from 80 3. Look for the name "TRIPPA" burnt into the footboard. Fully illustrated and price-list free catalogue sent on application.

Open. Folded.

BROWN BROTHERS LTD., 64, Eastern St, London, E.C.2, and at Deansgate, Manchester.

CHILBLAINS POSITIVELY CURED.

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT DRAWS OUT THE ITCHING PAIN AND INFLAMMATION WITH AN EFFECTIVENESS UNEQUALLED BY ANY OTHER PREPARATION.

Do not poultice your chilblains. Grasshopper Ointment draws out the inflammation as easily as a sponge absorbs water. Just try a box and see if it does not do so in your case. Grasshopper is as harmless as it is beneficial. It contains absolutely no injurious substances. May be had from Boots, Timothy White's, Taylor Drug Co., and all Chemists and Stores, at 1/3 and 3/- a box, or direct, post free, from Albert & Co.* 73, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Eczema Pimples Chilblains & all Skin Troubles ended

Do your duty to your skin, and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods', Selfridge's Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows', at 1s. 3d. and 3s.; or post free, 1s. 6d. & 3s., from Antexema Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

I WILL TEACH YOU

to Play the Piano brilliantly, without Drudgery, Fatigue, or Failure. You shall quickly learn from My easy Correspondence Lessons much more than years of ordinary study and practice can ever give you. Thousands have done so for seventeen years Lucid, progress ensuring methods with ordinary music. Send a Postcard to-day for a copy of my illuminating little illustrated book,

"MIND, MUSCLE AND KEYBOARD."

It explains my System and shows what my students say it has done for their playing. Judge for yourself what it can do for you. Beginners *need not know a note to start.* Give merely full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and the word Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, as the case may be.

A Lady Student writes: "I can only say that difficulties simply fly away. It is indeed a pleasure to practise the first melodies you sent, and I am looking forward eagerly to further lessons." Miss B. E.P. (Manor Park.)

Mr. H. BECKER 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES.

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and learn of a quick and easy Common Sense Home Cure.

It is not only in the art of war that Sir Hiram Maxim's inventions are famous. The veteran inventor, who has done so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, is now seen in a new mission—a Mission of Peace that will gladden the hearts of thousands of sufferers from catarrh, deafness, ear noises, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis. In brief, Sir Hiram Maxim has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that all sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their daily occupation he has published a most interesting little book which his Sole Licencees give away free to all who apply for it.

The curative effect of this discovery is so remarkable that thousands have already been cured, most of these being chronic cases where everything else failed.

SPOILS OF WAR FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

YOUR FREE BOOK will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the free book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. A copy will be posted, free of charge, to every reader who writes for it to-day. The address is: Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licencees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN

LEARNED IN 12 LESSONS.

Highest Speed. Legible as print. 100 words per minute in 6 weeks. Handbook and Lesson Free

Shorthand Association, Ltd., 305, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.1.

Telephone: Gerrard 1 Holborn.

SHORTHAND

'Bullets' Great Turkey Offer!

FIRST PRIZE **£200**

We are offering 1,000 Turkeys as "Bullets" Prizes.
150 TURKEYS ARE TO BE WON THIS WEEK.
In consequence of the food restrictions we are this year asking successful competitors to purchase their own Turkeys, and to send the bills to us for settlement. We will pay all such bills up to the amount of £1 10s. each, or, if preferred, a cheque for this sum will be sent in advance to pay for the Turkey. *Such a remarkable prize offer has never before been made by any paper.*
DO NOT MISS THIS WONDERFUL OFFER!

2ND PRIZE **£20** 3RD PRIZE **£10**

1000 TURKEYS

20 PRIZES OF £2:10 = 200 PRIZES OF 5/- = 1000 PRIZES OF 2/6 = 3000 TARGET PRIZES

150 Turkeys to be Won this week!

HOW TO MAKE "BULLBTS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—BETTER PAY—Bullet:—TAXES—AND LOOK PLEASANT. Example:—UPSETTING EVERYBODY. Bullet:—THESE CONTINUAL STRIKES. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated November 9th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLBTS" COMPETITION No. 306.

THANKS TO FOCH	WHAT WILSON SAYS	WARNING THE HUN	AFTER TURKEY
BREAKING THROUGH	UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER	ENGAGING GIRL	GIVING UP
FEEDING THE GUNS	OUR PEACE TERMS	MAKES TOMMY SMART	THE RIGHT GAME
THE NELSON TOUCH	AFTER DARK	GERMAN COLONIES	SHAKING HANDS
ENGLAND EXPECTS	BETTER PAY	CRUSHING REPLY	HOLDING THE BALANCE
A FALSE MOVE	WHEN BOSS DEPARTS	MY WIFE REGRETS	ON STRIKE
PRINCE MAX	BADLY OFF	GOES A LONG WAY	UPSETTING EVERYBODY
DECLINED WITH THANKS	IN THE ARMY	FILLING THE CELLAR	THE KAISER FEARS THAT

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 24th
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(306) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address _____
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 24th
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(306) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below Address _____
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 306. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 24th
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(306) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address _____
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 24th
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(306) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address _____
If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 307.

THE ALLIES TRIUMPH	A BIG SUCCESS	WHEN FRITZ SURRENDERS	BEFORE LONG
THE NEXT ELECTION	WHEN BOTTOMLEY STANDS	THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT	CALLING FOR HELP
BAD MARK	GETTING THE BIRD	NOT GOOD ENOUGH	BEWARE OF THE DOG
WON'T GET OFF	THINKING IT OVER	WINNING MAID	ANY OLD TIMER
MY WIFE LOVES	PULLING HIS LEG	EATING HUMBLE PIE	THE KAISER'S FAMILY

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31st. All coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 307 in the top left hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 307, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for competition 306.

Result of 305rd "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:
MRS. HARKER, Nut Bank Cottage, Middleton Rd., Blackley, Manchester.
Example:—GERMAN LIES.
Bullet:—SINN FEIN NEWSPAPERS "COPY."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:
Mrs. D. O. DAVIES, Emporium, Llandovery, Wales.
Example:—MOST ASTONISHING WHEN.
Bullet:—HUNS SURRENDER "WHOLE" TOWER.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:
Miss H. S. LAW, Broughton, Glarton, Newark, Notts.
Example:—WHAT HAIG HAS DONE.
Bullet:—NEWSBOYS NEVER UNDERESTIMATE.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:
Mrs. C. CLARK, 126, Islington, Liverpool:
WHAT HAIG HAS DONE—HINDENBURG SWEARS "HIS WORST."
Miss F. IRELAND, 12, Elder Street, Scarboro':
WHAT BOTTOMLEY EXPECTS—HANGING KAISER BEFORE STOCKING.
Seaman W. TROTTER, R.N., 28, Leaf St., Hulme, Manch'r:
A BIG MAN—"MEASURED" BY HIS BREECHES.
Miss B. THOMAS, Rose Cigs., Llwynbendy, Llanelly:
ASKING FOR PEACE—QUARTETTE OUT OF TUNE.
Mr. A. P. DREW, 36, King Street, Derby:
BACK TO THE RHINE—PRESIDENT THINKS TRENCHES EXTEND.
Mr. J. BANCROFT, 64, Mill Road, Cleethorpes:
HAPPY FAMILY—NOT AVERAGE LABOUR CONFERENCE.
Mr. D. RODGER, 5, Ardery Street, Partick, Glasgow:
A BIG MAN—OTHER GIVES "OBJECT" LESSON.
Mr. R. BOWER, 326, Iveagh House, Dublin:
GERMAN LIES—ALWAYS "ASSUMING" THEY'RE WINNING.
Mr. D. J. MORGAN, 4, Herbert Terrace, Aberavon:
SHOUT AND BUTTER—ALLIES' INDEMNITIES SHOULD BE.
Mr. V. J. BUTLER, 12, Airedale Road, Balham, S.W.:
IN THE SOUP—NOT IN "THOMAS UP."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £1 EACH:
Mr. T. FARROW, 36, Glasshouse St., Piccadilly, W.:
WHAT TOMMY HOPES—"LABOUR" "WILL" "SUPPORT" HIM.
Mr. H. BROOKE, Maes-y-Graig, Builth Wells, Mid-Wales:
A FALLEN IDOL—DAD, WHEN BABY COMES.
Mr. H. C. RAYNER, 7, Audley Road, Hendon, N.W.4:
HAPPY FAMILY—BALKANS, WITHOUT GERMAN INTRIGUES.
Mr. A. McKAY, 15, Step Row, Dundee:
WHAT HAIG HAS DONE—WILL THEY—HE WON'T.
Mrs. B. MASCARD, 17, Newton Street, Glasgow:
DIFFERENT GIRL—BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING.
Mr. J. RADCLIFFE, The Athenæum, Glasgow:
BABY LIKES—FEEDING AT "ODD" TIMES.
Mr. D. GILMORE, 7, Chichester Road, Kilburn, N.W.6:
PUTTING CLOCK BACK—FLAPPER PUTS HERS FORWARD.
Mrs. M. SCORAH, 15, Midland Terrace, Keighley:
A RARE TREAT—TUNE GERMANY'S DANCING TO.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. E. MATTHEWS, The Orchards, Walsall St., Willenhall.
AFTER A BIT—THERE'LL BE LESS "FIRING."
Mr. J. MURPHY, 9, Central Park Rd, East Ham, E.:
HOW TO TREAT PACIFISTS—REMOVE POLICE AT MEETINGS.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the last being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d., and payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of 10s. Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition 305 will be published in next week's "Gamesmaster" Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement; for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged house, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

QUEEN'S WORK
To be delivered by Newsagent.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Oct. 19, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM
Which must be posted to—
THE INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL
Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.
In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home address.....

Oct. 19, 1918 .....

Receipt of Cheque Form acknowledgment of receipt of Cheque is required.

Home on— Ideal Terms

"JACK'S home on leave. We're to be married at last. We're going to spend the honeymoon, all by our little selves, in a brand new home of our own! I've just been getting the furniture—the loveliest you ever saw. And a perfect miracle of cheapness!" You can get that furniture straight away, without drawing on your investments, without paying a single penny beyond the bedrock marked prices. No interest, no extras whatsoever. That is what the **Midland Ideal Terms** place within your reach to-day. Come to the "Midland" and see for yourself.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

There is over £100,000 worth of superb furniture in the "Midland" Salons. Every price is marked in plain figures; and you have only to compare those figures with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same sterling quality to convince yourself that "there's not a place in the Kingdom that can touch the 'Midland' for value."

Specimens of Handsome Dining-room Suite on Jacobean lines.

Country Orders packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Rail Fares Paid Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Ideal Terms
(Terms on Cassary).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 ...	£0 5 6
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